Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think that all the beggars in this land are thy acquaintance: go bestow your almes, none will controll your sir.

Harp. What should I giue them? you are grown so beggarly that you can scarse giue a bit of bread at your doore: you talke of your Religion so long, that you haue banished charity from you: a man may make a Flax-shop in your kitchin chimnies, for any fire there is stirring.

Cob. If thou wilt giue them nothing, send them hence: Let them not stand heere staruing in the cold.

Harp. Who I driue them hence? If I driue poore men frō the doore, Ile bee hang'd: I know not what I may come to my selfe: God help ye poore knaues, ye see the world. Wel, you had a mother: O God bee with thee good Ladye, thy soule's at rest; she gaue more in shirts and smocks to poore children, then you spend in your house, and yet you liue a beggar too.

Cob. Euen the worst deede that ere my mother did, was in releeuing such a foole as thou.

Har. I, I am a foole still: with all your wit youle dye a beggar, go too.

Cob. Go you old foole, giue the poore people somthing: Go in poore men into the inner Court, and take such almes as there is to be had.

Sol. God blesse your honour.

Har. Hang you rogues, hang you, there's nothing but misery amongst you, you feare no Law you. *Exit*

Oldm. God blesse you good master Rafe, God saue your life, you are good to the poore still,

Enter the Lord Powis disguised.

Cob. What fellow's yonder comes along the Groue?
Few passengers there be that know this way:
Me thinkes he stops as though he staide for mee,
And meant to shrow'd himselfe amongst the bushes.
I know the Clergy hates me to the death,
And my Religion gets me many foes:

And

And this may be some desperate
Suborn'd to work me mischiefe
If he come toward me, sure Ile
Be he but one man, whatsoere

I haue bene well acquainted wi
Po. Well met my honorable
Cob. You are welcome sir, w
But of this sodaine sir I do not
Po. I am one that wisheth w
My name is Powis, an old frie
Cob. My honourable Lord, a
What makes your Lordship th
And thus disguised in this stra
Po. My Lord, an vnexpected
Hath at this time enforc'd me
And thus it hapt. Not yet full
Now at the last Assize at *Here*
It chanc'd that the Lord *Her*
Mongst other things discours
To fall in speech about some
Of Wickliffes doctrine gainst
And the Religion Catholike,
Through the most part of Eu
This wilfull testy Lord stucke
That Wickliffe was a knaue,
His doctrine diuelliſh and he
And whatsoere he was maint
Was Traitor both to God, a
Being mooued at his peremp
I told him, some maintaine
Men, and truer subiects the
And he replying in compari
Your name was vrg'd my L
To be a perfect fauourer of
And to be short, from wo

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